

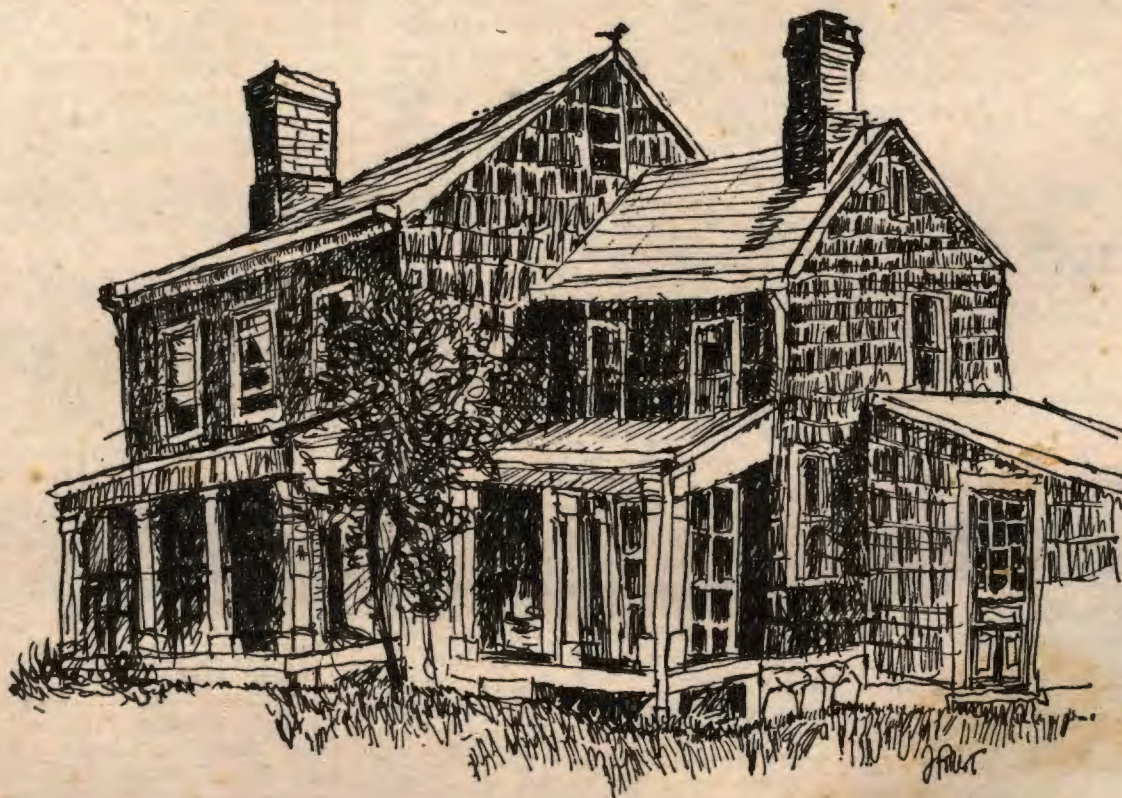
# THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN  
(1877-1949)

### BARBARIANS AND CIVILIZED

We call barbarians  
people living  
on the other side of the border.  
We call civilized  
people living  
on this side of the border.  
We civilized,  
living on this side of the border,  
are not ashamed  
to arm ourselves to the teeth  
so as to protect ourselves  
against the barbarians  
living on the other side.  
And when the barbarians  
born on the other side of the border  
invade us,  
we do not hesitate  
to kill them  
before we have tried  
to civilize them.  
So we civilized  
exterminate barbarians  
without civilizing them.  
And we persist  
in calling ourselves civilized.

### BETTER AND BETTER OFF

The world would be better off  
if people tried to become better.  
And people would become better  
if they stopped trying to become better  
off.  
For when everybody tries to become  
better off,  
nobody is better off.  
But when everybody tries to become  
better,  
everybody is better off.  
Everybody would be rich  
if nobody tried to become richer.  
And nobody would be poor  
if everybody tried to be the poorest.  
And everybody would be what he ought  
to be  
if everybody tried to be  
what he wants the other fellow to be.  
Christianity has nothing to do  
with either modern Capitalism  
or modern Communism.  
For Christianity has  
a capitalism of its own  
and a communism of its own.  
Modern Capitalism  
is based on property without responsi-  
bility,  
while Christian capitalism  
is based on property with responsibility.  
Modern Communism  
is based on poverty through force  
while Christian communism  
is based on poverty through choice.  
For a Christian,  
voluntary poverty is the ideal  
as exemplified by St. Francis of Assisi,  
while private property  
is not an absolute right, but a gift  
which as such can not be wasted,  
but must be administered  
for the benefit of God's children.

### CONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER

The Holy Father asks us  
to reconstruct the social order.  
The social order was constructed  
by the first Christians  
through the daily practice  
of the Seven Corporal  
and Seven Spiritual  
Works of Mercy.  
To feed the hungry  
at a personal sacrifice,  
to clothe the naked  
at a personal sacrifice,  
to shelter the homeless  
at a personal sacrifice,  
to instruct the ignorant  
at a personal sacrifice;  
such were the works  
of the first Christians  
in times of persecution.

## Church As Accomplice

By GORDON ZAHN

It is not an easy charge to make. But the facts are there for all to see. They have been there for quite some time, however few may be disposed even now to acknowledge them, and they lend themselves to a sad conclusion: that the Christian churches of America—and this applies with special force to my own Roman Catholic communion—have permitted themselves to become fully responsible accomplices to war crimes and atrocities that have been committed by our nation and her allies in Vietnam.

Past ignorance and timidity masquerading as prudence may explain but can no longer justify a posture of Olympian detachment. The awful facts are now a matter of public record. Murder has been done, murder of a kind and on a scale that cries for retribution. We have reached the point where silence for whatever reason is completely indefensible.

It is generally acknowledged that one who observes a crime in progress and persists in silence which permits the criminal to go unchallenged and unpunished takes upon himself a share of the guilt. Neither fear of the inconvenience or hazards that might result from speaking out, nor a personal relationship with the wrongdoer, can free him from his responsibility or the burden of his contributory guilt. The same rule, I would insist, must apply to the religious community, "the Church," and its responsible leaders.

Years before the massacre at My Lai, a German writer made what seemed to be an outrageously extravagant accusation: Lidice and Oradour, he said, are today villages in Vietnam. We know now that he was right. In fact we have known since 1966, when Ramparts first published Donald Duncan's account of his war experiences and Frank Harvey's report of our murderous air war appeared in the pages of Flying magazine. In 1968, In the Name of America presented a well-documented survey comparing the record of U.S. military behavior with the laws of war and revealing the extent to which atrocities and war crimes had become a recurring pattern and not, as we are

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

In the last few weeks, 300,000 or more young people have been on pilgrimage, converging on Washington, D.C. to express their opposition to war and conscription but "peace is still a long long march away," I. F. Stone Washington reporter commented. Those who represented organized labor were mainly blacks from the hospital workers union, and some teamsters and auto workers, but as Stone pointed out, "clearly the organized labor movement, rank and file, were still wedded to the military-industrial complex by bread and butter as well as ideology." The scenes which truly reached the hearts and minds of the public were the Vietnam Veterans Against the War who camped on the Mall for four days, then marched on the Capitol and threw away their medals in shame and protest. "I know of no war and no country," Stone goes on to write, "in which there has ever been such a scene as that which took place on the west side of the Capitol that morning. It will be remembered with pride in our history books."

Father Dan Berrigan calls attention in one of his writings to the fact that waging war is a total act, but not waging peace. He wrote this perhaps before suffering imprisonment with his brother Phil for their act against the war, the burning of draft card records, but now he speaks more loudly from jail itself. Granted that Danbury Federal Prison is not a tiger cage in Vietnam where protesters there are suffering,—still a prisoner is a prisoner, and being behind bars like an animal in a zoo, and the nightmare of reverberating sound from the stone and metal which surrounds one is indeed a torture. The long list of prisoners for peace which is published in the Peacemaker each issue is getting longer and longer.

The massive attempt to tie up traffic to keep Pentagon and other Washington Workers from getting to their jobs lasted for two days and resulted in the arrest of ten thousand demonstrators. What with leaders of peace movements confined in Federal prisons, one wonders when we are going to use such "relocation" camps as were set up in 1941 for 109,000 Japanese-Americans, to take care of such protesters as con-

verged on Washington the end of April and the first week in May.

### Travelling

I myself have been on Pilgrimage a good part of the last month. It is good to reach our readers so personally. I always come home with new insights, new knowledge—books under my arm given me along the way, new friends, and news of spreading activity in the CW movement itself. I visited Art Harvey of South Ackworth, New Hampshire who has a mail order book shop handling a great number of books by and about Gandhi. Art and Ammon Hennacy served six-month-terms in Sandstone Prison in Minnesota for trespassing on a missile base some years ago. He carries on a practical application of Karl Meyer's tax refusal (see article in this issue) by having teams of workers in orchards where they prune trees, harvest apples and later blueberries and work seven months of the year. They work and live in a style which frees them from the payment of taxes for war. Perhaps about a hundred are engaged in this way of life, which results usually in some settling in communities of the moshavim variety, each having some small acreage and a house built by themselves. Considering the New England climate, no small achievement! It certainly means an emphasis on the ascetic, on sacrifice.

One book I brought back was printed in 1965 in India and is titled Talking of Gandhi, a four part program for Radio, by the British Broadcasting Corporation. It is made up of excerpts of interviews with people in England and India who knew Gandhi. There is an alphabetical list of contributors at the end of the book.

The making of these four scripts in 1956 was the "largest project ever devoted by the BBC to the presentation of one man." The difficulty in working with fifteen miles of recording tape to make the five or six hours of broadcasting, and the techniques used are described in detail. We know so many young people including a young priest at our parish church who are studying the audio-visual arts that we read these four broadcasts with great interest. The script and narration was

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## Catholic Worker Positions

The general aim of the Catholic Worker Movement is to realize in the individual and in society the expressed and implied teachings of Christ. It must, therefore, begin with an analysis of our present society to determine whether we already have an order that meets with the requirements of justice and charity of Christ.

The society in which we live and which is generally called capitalist (because of its method of producing wealth) and bourgeois (because of the prevalent mentality) is not in accord with justice and charity—

**IN ECONOMICS**—because the guiding principle is production for profit and because production determines needs. A just order would provide the necessities of life for all, and needs would determine what would be produced. From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs. Today we have a non-producing class which is maintained by the labor of others with the consequence that the laborer is systematically robbed of that wealth which he produces over and above what is needed for his bare maintenance.

**IN PSYCHOLOGY**—because capitalist society fails to take in the whole nature of man but rather regards him as an economic factor in production. He is an item in the expense sheet of the employer. Profit determines what type of work he shall do. Hence, the deadly routine of assembly lines and the whole mode of factory production. In a just order the question will be whether a certain type of work is in accord with human values, not whether it will bring a profit to the exploiters of labor.

**IN MORALS**—because capitalism is maintained by class war. Since the aim of the capitalist employer is to obtain labor as cheaply as possible and the aim of labor is to sell itself as dearly as possible and buy the products produced as cheaply as possible, there is an inevitable and persistent conflict which can only be overcome when the capitalist ceases to exist as a class. When there is but one class the members perform different functions but there is no longer an employer-wage earner relationship.

**TO ACHIEVE THIS SOCIETY WE ADVOCATE:**

A complete rejection of the present social order and a non-violent revolution to establish an order more in accord with Christian values. This can only be done by direct action since political means have failed as a method for bringing about this society. Therefore we advocate a personalism which takes on ourselves responsibility for changing conditions to the extent that we are able to do so. By establishing Houses of Hospitality we can take care of as many of those in need as we can rather than turn them over to the impersonal "charity" of the State. We do not do this in order to patch up the wrecks of the capitalist system but rather because

there is always a shared responsibility in these things and the call to minister to our brother transcends any consideration of economics. We feel that what anyone possesses beyond basic needs does not belong to him but rather to the poor who are without it.

We believe in a withdrawal from the capitalist system so far as each one is able to do so. Toward this end we favor the establishment of a



**Distributist economy** wherein those who have a vocation to the land will work on the farms surrounding the village and those who have other vocations will work in the village itself. In this way we will have a decentralized economy which will dispense with the State as we know it and will be federalist in character as was society during certain periods that preceded the rise of national states.

We believe in worker-ownership of the means of production and distribution, as distinguished from nationalization. This to be accomplished by decentralized co-operatives and the elimination of a distinct employer class. It is revolution from below and not (as political revolutions are) from above. It calls for widespread and universal ownership by all men of property as a stepping stone to a communism that will be in accord with the Christian teaching of detachment from material goods and which, when realized, will express itself in common ownership. "Property, the more common it is, the more holy it is," St. Gertrude writes.

We believe in the complete equality of all men as brothers under the Fatherhood of God. Racism in any form is blasphemy against God who created all mankind in His image and who offers redemption to all. Man comes to God freely or not at all and it is not the function of any man or institution to force the Faith on anyone. Persecution of any people is therefore a serious sin and denial of free will.

We believe further that the revolution that is to be pursued in ourselves and in society must be pacifist. Otherwise it will proceed by force and use means that are evil and which will never be outgrown, so that they will determine the END of the revolution and that end will again be tyranny. We believe that Christ went beyond

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

by Francis Watson and in the next to the last paragraph of the introduction there is the following important statement:

"Of the months spent in selecting, cutting, and building up the programs one thing needs to be said. Recording tape is a wonderful invention, and like other inventions it must be handled with restraint and integrity. You can do anything with it, reverse the words in a man's mouth, distort his meaning, mangle the context, change the voice to a caricature. The only safe rule for handling anything so dangerous is absolute honesty."

Such a statement made by an expert should alert us to the dangers in believing what we hear or read of excerpts from taped conversations of Fr. Philip Berrigan and others with him who will be on trial for conspiracy against the government of the United States in a few months.

### The Berrigans' Mother

The pilgrimage from which I have just returned was to Schenectady, the home town of Mrs. Berrigan, mother of two priest sons who are imprisoned for acts of protest against war.

It gave me great joy to meet this valiant mother of six sons who herself has endured great harassment these last years. She is living at Loretto Home for the Aged (I do not think she is as old as I am) and must use a walker since she broke her hip some time ago and has had to have several operations. Her room is so small that the students from Le Moines who came with me and I had to sit with her out in a little parlor. There is only one window in her room and it is "very close." I hope she gets on a waiting list for a room with two windows so that she can have a current of air without leaving her door open. It is so hard to control the heat in institutions, even such a one as The Catholic Worker, and both in Tivoli and in N.Y. I have a room which I can keep cool winter and summer.

Perhaps she would not have called the constant surveillance exercised by derground movements harassments. "They were courteous young men," she said—but then she is a courteous woman, full of patience and loving-kindness. It was good to see her and sense her serenity.

### Schenectady

Perhaps I give undue emphasis to Schenectady but I just returned yesterday and am trying to get my report written before we go to press Thursday. I have two apologies to make, first for a letter, hastily dictated and not read which I wrote the week before in answer to Bob La Sala's letter from International House asking what was to be the topic of my talk at the college. I had dictated something Vinoba Bhava had written, "to teach others, it is good to speak of saints and heroes." In the letter, it had turned into "saints and eros." Puzzled but trustful, the students handed out this title to the press and we had quite a large audience! It was obvious that the letter was dictated. The initials DD/RM at the bottom indicated that.

My second apology is due to Father McVey. When he was ordained a few years ago, his first parish was in Pulaski, a town north of Schenectady, and a nearby deserted t.b. hospital seemed to him a good place for a rural house of hospitality. Two years ago his dream became a reality. When I was told about the project three years ago, I had spoken "a discouraging word" and said that it was an impossibility to take on such a large project. I ate my words when I saw the place a few days ago. There are a hundred or more men there, and three families with eleven children and the place is well kept and cared for and growing in scope daily. Volunteers painted the old frame buildings, built in 1910, and the men themselves did the repairs, townspeople cooperated with food and students with transportation and work, and it looks and is, a happy place. It was a bright sunny day when Eileen Whiteside and her daughter drove me the hour's drive north. The nearest small town is Orwell, and Lake Ontario

is about ten miles away. Far north as it is from New York city, the weather was perfect the day we visited. We walked through the pine woods of the 136 acres and sat out by a wide brook which was racing over stones and pools, and which used to be the entire water supply of the hospital. There is a chapel and Mass is offered daily in the evening. They are beginning their third summer and I was delighted to see this rural house of hospitality where worker and student, young and old work together to realize St. Catherine's dictum, "All the way to heaven is heaven, because He said, I am the Way."

I have written many times of these rural hostels where men could be put up and families who are wandering around the country to find work are taken care of.

Orwell, in the last chapters of his "Down and Out in Paris and London," spoke of this need also. There are not many free hostels in the U.S. or any other place, it seems to me. In the middle ages every monastery had a pilgrim's hostel. In New York state now there is Graymoor, where the Franciscans have a very good place where men stop for three weeks or longer to rest up, clean up and recuperate on their way into the mountain resort areas, looking for work. There is a diocesan House of Hospitality in Pittsburgh on Tannehill street with Fr. Bassompierre in charge. It was formerly a large orphanage and Fr. Owen Rice, the labor priest of Pittsburgh diocese ran it for years. It began with a small Catholic Worker group. In Portland Oregon there is the Blanche House of Hospitality, which is a men's hotel and cafeteria with a half-way house nearby for men out of prison. In Albany several houses have opened up which I have not visited yet.

### Fr. Gilgun

In Massachusetts, Hubbardston, there is another farm, a small one with a big house and a barn on it where a work of restoration is being done and where scores of young people and neighbors gather each Sunday at four o'clock for the sacrifice of the Mass which is most beautifully offered with joy and reverence. Fr. Bernard Gilgun who is pastor at the nearby town of Lancaster calls the farm the House of Ammon. His last letter read, "We have a little three-act play called Ammon—the One Man Revolution which we have done a few times. Last week we went to the University of Massachusetts and did it in the lounge outside the cafeteria. We got a good audience, between fifty and one hundred, then sold the paper and sat around talking with professors and students. We had a lot of fun and feel sure we have reached one another. Right now we are busy working on the house and preparing the garden but plan to bring our living theater to shopping centers now and again when we sell the paper."

Hubbardston is in the Worcester diocese where the Upton farm is located. Someone wrote that Mary Paulson would like to see an Eric Gill school started on the farm at Upton (to the east of Worcester) but it is not yet under way. Professor True who teaches at Assumption college and Tom Puchalsky who teaches a course at Assumption and full time at Lincoln Sudbury Regional High School were responsible for my New England trip. Michael organized a wonderful day for the Catholic Peace Fellowship where speakers and work shops went on during the day, and where I spoke at night. The meeting involved both Holy Cross College and Assumption, and I spoke also

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We are in the process of making a Catholic Worker calendar for 1972. We would like our readers to suggest important dates, anniversaries, etc., which should be included. Please send suggestions to:

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# War Tax Resistance

By KARL MEYER

On April 5, 1971, charges were filed in federal district court in Chicago against Bill Himmelbauer, Mike Fowler and myself. In separate cases, we are accused of falsely claiming exemptions from federal tax, to which we were not legally entitled. Mike Fowler, a student at the University of Chicago, is charged on two counts of filing false W-4 forms with his employer. The maximum penalty for each count is one year in jail. Bill Himmelbauer is charged on one count. He and Sue Himmelbauer joined with us in late 1969 in starting the Chicago Area Alternative Fund for tax resistance money, and then moved to Pittsburgh where they became ring-leaders in War Tax Resistance activities. I am charged on five counts for W-4s executed in 1968, 69 and 70.

Through eleven years of "one man revolution" I had successfully resisted payment of almost all federal income taxes claimed from me, mainly by claiming enough exemptions on W-4 Withholding Exemption Certificates that no tax was withheld from my wages. The tax man did nothing beyond ineffectual attempts to collect.

Then suddenly in 1970 the one man revolution exploded into a growing movement of effective war tax resistance by the withholding exemption method. Suddenly the tax man got worried. Suddenly he started prosecuting withholding tax resisters around the country: September 1970, Jim Shea, Alexandria, Virginia; November 1970, Sally Buckley and Dennis Richter, Minneapolis, Minnesota; December 1970, Paul Malinowski, and Donald Callahan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; February 1971, James Smith, Springfield, Missouri; and now, three more in Chicago.

On February 19, 1971, IRS Intelligence Agents Sam Miele and Alan Leksander visited me at home. They confronted me with copies of five W-4 forms for 1968, 69 and 70, and two articles from the *Catholic Worker* for November 1969 and January 1970, "A Fund For Mankind Through Effective Tax Resistance" and "Clarification On Tax Withholding." These are the articles which launched the wave of withholding tax resistance action in 1970. I acknowledged authorship of the five W-4s and the two CW articles.

On March 1, I received a letter from the Chief of the Intelligence Division of IRS: "The current investigation by the Intelligence Division is nearing completion . . . consideration is being given to recommending that criminal proceedings be instituted against you . . ." I was invited to a hearing March 8 with Group Supervisor Ralph A. Weber.

At the hearing I presented a statement of my position and various other relevant literature and documents to Internal Revenue Service.

## Statement to Internal Revenue Service, Intelligence Division Hearing:

My name is Karl Meyer. My immediate family includes my wife Jean and three children, William, 7 years old, Kristin, 3 years old, and Eric, 2 months old.

In South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos there are many families like ours. I gladly accept a responsibility toward them, like that which I bear toward my own children. These other families, these other children are the ones who were machine-gunned in a trench at My Lai, and are being killed in many other ways every day that the war continues in Indo-China.

There are also the soldiers of both sides, Americans and Asians, who are also the victims of the war, who are dying by the thousands as it continues.

Upwards of 80% of all federal income tax revenues are devoted to purposes intimately related to American wars and military activities, past and present.

In the name of my family, of the families of Indo-China, of the soldiers of both sides and all other victims of international militarism, I claim a complete exemption from all federal taxes that finance military activities.

Yes, I have claimed ten or more exemptions on several W-4 exemption certificates. I have claimed exemption from tax for myself and my family,

for several others who have lived in our household and received their primary financial support from me, and for these others, the families of Indo-China, and all the victims of war.

In a peaceful and nonviolent society the job of collecting assessments for social purposes might be a useful occupation. But the man who collects taxes for the United States government today makes himself a direct accomplice in some of the most horrible crimes of our age.

You have already told me that you are considering compounding these crimes by beginning a criminal prosecution against me.

I and my family have already made some sacrifices in the struggle against war, but they have been as nothing compared to the suffering of our brothers and sisters who are in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

We ask you today to recognize just one basic human right, our right not to participate in acts of war against them. Even if you refuse to recognize that right, we will still refuse to pay federal taxes that continue the war in Indo-China and the militarization of our society.

This is all that I have to say.

Karl Meyer

After I received the letter from IRS, I went in to talk with my supervisor in the huge hospital bureaucracy in



which I was employed. I expected her to be unsympathetic, and even hostile to me as a source of trouble for her. After thirty years of working her way toward the top of the bureaucracy, it had seemed to me she lived and breathed the system and its rules, though I respected her even so for the great strength of her character.

But now when I told her directly of my long struggle against the war and of the imminent threat of criminal prosecution, she smiled at me from deep within, and expressed her own strong opposition to the war and her respect and support for me. "Mr. Meyer," she said, taut with emotion, "I am black. From all of my experience I know that when you fight the system in this 'democratic' country they are going to make you pay for it." Then she told me something of her own struggle. After a long talk she asked me, "Wasn't there a girl here in Chicago who took that same stand (war tax resistance) several years ago?"

Yes, there certainly was. Eleven years later, another black woman in Chicago still remembered the courageous witness of Eroseanna Robinson, the very person whose example set my feet on the path of determined tax resistance, back in 1960—Eroseanna Robinson who refused to pay taxes, who defied the order of Judge Robson to give information about her income in spite of a one year sentence for criminal contempt, who fasted one hundred and eight days and won her own release from federal prison by the strength of her resistance.

Now, on April 15, 1971, the charges against Fowler, Himmelbauer and Meyer were announced. That night we picketed and leafleted from 10:00 p.m. 'til midnight at the Main Post Office where special postmen were on duty to receive last minute returns from thousands of more tractable Chicagoans.

We haven't yet received official notice or summons, but from the records filed in court David Finke has found that the three cases are assigned to three separate judges for trial. I

# Rest With The People, Tim MacCarry

By JIM DOUGLASS

This morning I learned that Tim MacCarry is dead. There were few details in the letter: "Gunshot wound in the head. The police claim it was suicide but no one believes it. Tim was killed in Los Angeles. He had gone there last fall to do graduate work in anthropology, after his graduation from Notre Dame in June and a summer with the Venceremos Brigade in Cuba. He was shot to death on a street corner.

Tim was a writer for *The Catholic Worker*, and his final article, *The Farmworkers' Struggle*, appeared in the February issue of the paper. It was marked by the same intense concern for poor people and outrage against capitalism which one always felt and heard about in Tim's presence. He was a powerful speaker and writer against exploitation of any kind, with a commitment to poor people which went beyond words.

During his junior year at Notre Dame, Tim opened a Catholic Worker house in South Bend, St. Francis House, which began to forge a rare link between Notre Dame students and the community until the house was shut down abruptly by the police. Earlier in the same school year, he was a leader in the sit-in against Dow recruiting under the Golden Dome, which he reported on in a front-page article in *The Catholic Worker*. There were few if any radical actions at Notre Dame during Tim's junior and senior years which he did not either lead or engage in actively. Moreover, his radicalism was that of the scholar as well as the worker: He studied the classic Christian and Marxist texts, did research on the local community, and wrote carefully documented papers on how Notre Dame and South Bend could and should change.

Tim believed in the power of prayer. He felt that a truly radical community needed to pray in common, as well as carry on discussions on Marxist analysis. In the few moments when Tim permitted himself any rest, he liked to play the guitar, and he would do so as a gift to friends.

My thoughts now of Tim range from our first meeting, at St. Francis House in the spring before my year as a visiting professor at Notre Dame, to a final handclasp in the Notre Dame library last June, before he left for Cuba to cut sugar cane and I for British Columbia to write a book on resistance. The closest experience Tim and I shared was that of ripping up our draft cards, with five other friends, at the Offertory of the Notre Dame Resistance Mass on October 15, 1969. At the time it was a deeply shared commitment, and a memory of Tim which stands out in my mind is the Irish smile which played over his lips when I saw him riding his bicycle cross campus the following day, and we met and talked.

am to be summoned for an initial hearing May 7 in the court of Judge Joseph Sam Perry.

I plan a simple and direct defense. I plan to represent myself without an attorney. I will ask for a jury trial at the earliest possible date. I will not base my defense on legalities. I will simply seek to convince the jury, judge, prosecutor and everyone else that I have done what is right and in accord with inalienable rights of personal judgment, and that I should not be declared guilty or penalized for my actions.

If I am convicted and sentenced to prison, we have been thinking that Jean will apply for public aid for the financial support of our family. We feel that if the State insists on tearing from the family its source of support, the State should bear the cost of providing other means. We prefer to see the resources of the movement devoted to the needs of poor people in this country and abroad who have no other recourse. This is just one of the reasons why I do not desire a costly legal defense or primary financial support from the movement, though we welcome the personal support of our friends.

Tim later came to question whether our resistance was not empty symbol rather than an action engaging any real issues. He also criticized sharply the Non-Violence Program in which I was teaching for being isolated from the community and not radical enough in its approach to the issues. I believe he was largely right about the Program (and my role in it), though I differed with Tim on the extent to which one could urge others to action.

A sharper disagreement was over Tim's deepening distrust of non-violence, as his commitment became a fiercely felt Marxism for the sake of poor people he tried to serve and saw being left naked by the proponents of non-violence. He came to trust most deeply what he felt were the instincts of the people themselves, more than he did the preaching of non-violence by men involved in exploitation. And partly because of that kind of deceit in our society, Tim finally found himself mistrusting non-violence itself, and even the leadership of men like Cesar Chavez. It was the intensity of his feeling for the liberation of the poor by which everyone's actions were judged severely, his own first of all, and which one always felt like an iron rod in one's conscience after encountering Tim.

Although we had no contact after that final handclasp last June, when Tim smiled uncertainly and we wished each other well, he has been on my mind until the word this morning of his death. I have thought of Tim especially while working on my book, wondering if this or that attempt to evoke in words the suffering of the oppressed came anywhere near what he felt (and would demand as a critic); realizing that his prodding questions about Jesus' relation to Zealot revolutionaries (which Tim researched thoroughly in a paper last spring) were a factor behind the work on one chapter; measuring words about "the people" by that iron rod in my conscience which was my memory of Tim.

I can write nothing about Tim's experience in Cuba or what he was passing through in Los Angeles. I do not know. I believe that he must have died in the streets of Los Angeles feeling there the same kind of suffering and injustice which he bore witness to at Notre Dame and in South Bend. Tim's beatitude was that of hunger and thirst: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall be satisfied." Tim would not rest in peace until the satisfaction of all the people's grievances, at the end of history which he believed in through faith and struggled after personally. I believe that a prayer for Tim's rest can only be a commitment as well to a life lived in deeper service to the poor and their liberation. Rest with the people, Tim MacCarry.

The form of encouragement and support that we will value most highly will be if our friends in the movement take our troubles and our resolve as an example, to stop paying war taxes and to devote the greatest possible part of their income to sharing with the victims of international war and of the war of rich against poor. That is why we of the Chicago Area Alternative Fund have saved nothing for our own protection, but have already given away all of our war tax resistance money to meet the immediate needs of others.

If you want to read the articles that launched the present movement of withholding tax resistance by explaining the method, and incidentally brought upon us our small tribulations, you may send two eight cent stamps to:

War Tax Resistance  
339 Lafayette Street  
New York, New York 10012,  
and ask for their reprint, "A Fund For Mankind Through Effective War Tax Resistance."

To get in touch with us about the trial, write to:

Karl Meyer, 1209 West Farwell  
Chicago, Illinois 60626  
Phone 764-3620



# 36 East First

By CHRIS MONTESANO

The cold bite of the winter winds is gone. The sky is clear and the warmth of the sun lights up First Street. Chairs are set out in the sun and the street is filled with chatter. The voices of children once again fill the air. One can see the buds beginning to break forth on the few trees down the street. Although there is little vegetation in the city to tell us once again of the rebirth of the earth, the very touch of the golden early morning sun upon the bricks and stone, cries out in favor of life. The earth's signs of new life can not be crushed by the concrete jungles men have created. Once again the earth speaks to us about Life.

For us here at First Street it has been a long bitter winter. It has spoken to us of Death. We mourn the passing of Larry Burch. Larry was a short, frail man with a limp. He spent the latter years of his life living in flop houses. Because of his frail build, he was often mugged. Several times he was knocked down the long flight of stairs at the Palace Hotel where he lived. It was from one of these incidents that his limp originated. He never bothered to go to a doctor to have his bones set.

Larry hated to go to doctors. When

The last days of Larry's life were a sad commentary on his own life and on the forces in our society that allow for the conditions he lived in. He was sick and stayed in his room at the Palace Hotel. We brought food over to him every day and asked him to go to the hospital. He vehemently refused. The two days before he died he refused to let us into the room. He kept his door locked. He had told me: "Let me die in peace." When I came to bring him food the next day, we found him dead on the floor in the narrow space between the bed and the wall. He died alone, his door locked. Larry was a frail man, a man who could be pushed and shoved out of the way. In a society where competition is the law of survival he could only be pushed and shoved, until, locked in a corner alone, he felt safe. Larry can be pushed and shoved no more. May he rest in peace.

With the advent of spring weather have come the first significant drops in the number of men we feed on the soup line. The men no longer need to come inside to flee from the cold. The jobs in the mountains are increasing as the resort areas are beginning to prepare for the summer. However, toward the middle and end of the



the pain was too much, he would always ask one of us if we would take him to the doctor. The day would come but Larry would not show up. As are many men and women on the Bowery, Larry was deeply afraid of doctors and hospitals. Very often, the men and women, especially if they are alcoholics, are treated poorly. So, rather than suffer indignity, they prefer to suffer the pain. The only relief for the pain is alcohol. By the time they do finally reach a hospital, they are often at the point of death. So, for them the hospital is associated with death. Their fears are understandable.

However, toward the end of his life, the pain must have been so great for Larry that he overcame his fear and went with me to the hospital. Larry wished to go to St. Vincent's since he had been there once before. I had brought along with me Ivan Illich's book *Celebration of Awareness*. On our way to St. Vincent's Larry asked me if he could see what I was reading. He read the title and the note under it, *A Call For Institutional Revolution* and commented: "That must be a good book; we do need a revolution in our institutions." When we arrived at St. Vincent's they refused to take Larry because he didn't have a card. He tried to explain to them that he was so often mugged that any card he had for the hospital had been taken. He was told that he was not in St. Vincent's district but in Beth Israel's so he should go there. As we left, Larry said to me; "They just don't care. They just don't care. Beth Israel will probably send me to Bellevue." Fortunately they didn't. Often times Larry was not coherent but that day he was. He spoke about something he so often experienced.

month, when the men's checks run out, the line is again large. Also, as the weather warms, the men need light coats, pants, sweaters, and dark colored short-sleeved shirts. We now need such items so that we can give them to the men. As always, the men also need underclothes, socks, and shoes. The women too will be needing light clothes.

The house is enjoying a much needed break in paper work. We have been working steadily for almost three months. There was the February issue followed by the appeal, and the appeal followed by the March-April issue. There has been a break in the mailing work since this May issue is not coming out until mid-May and we finished the last issue at the end of April. Marcel, Wong, John, and Louie have done much of the steady work these last few months, and many others have also helped with their time.

One of our more stimulating Friday night meetings was a talk given by Robin Percival on Northern Ireland. Robin has worked in Northern Ireland with The Fellowship of Reconciliation. Most interesting were his comments as to why nonviolence failed in Northern Ireland. Some of them seem to parallel the struggle of the peace movement here in America. The limiting of the understanding of nonviolence only to the tactical, and the lack of constructive programs seem to be crucial tests that the nonviolent movement in Northern Ireland could not surmount. These parallel the most critical problems the peace movement in America now faces.

Spring, almost always brings with it a movement of the younger members

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# BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICAN LITERARY RADICALISM: POETRY

Poetry and politics—we have few statements in English that link the two arts directly; yet Shelley based one of his principal "defenses" of poetry on the proposition that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

Too often politicians share their podium with poets only to trump out some nationalistic doggerel by a Victorian imperialist about young men going joyfully to the slaughter. But lately politicians would have a rough time finding such sentiments in the best American poets.

American literary radicalism, in other words, has been steadily nourished by verse as well as prose. And if the radical tradition can claim a rich history in prose from Jefferson to Thoreau to Goodman, it can claim a similar one in poetry, from Whitman to Edwin Markham to Allen Ginsberg and Robert Bly.

Whitman, the Dante of the American language, as Pound called him, encouraged the states to resistance, in these early lines in *Leaves of Grass*: "To the States, or any one of them, or any city of the States, Resist much, obey little. / Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved, / Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city, of this earth, ever afterward resumes its liberty."

Edwin Markham is obviously a minor poet, compared to Whitman, but his great poem "The Man with the Hoe," is still one of the most moving calls for radical reform of the social order. It was important enough to Ammon Hennacy to be mentioned several times in his autobiography. After his release from jail, Ammon made a special effort to visit Markham, "author of that epic that cheered me in solitary." Alexander Berkman sent Ammon a copy of "The Man with the Hoe" while both were in Atlanta prison, and Ammon "learned it by heart and recited it aloud several times a day."

(Ammon was, of course, a great lover of poetry. In one of my most vivid memories of him, he sat at our kitchen table, as we both listened to Joan reading Blake's "The Little Black Boy," tears in Ammon's eyes, at the mother's promise of God's justice, to her young "bereav'd" son; the black boy's words end the poem: "And thus I say to little English boy: / When I from black and he from white cloud free, / And round the tent of God like lambs we joy. / I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear / To lean in joy upon our father's knee.")

Three recent paperback anthologies suggest the ways in which the radical tradition has been strengthened and deepened by recent poets, through their lives as well as through their writings.

I. *War: An Anthology*, ed. Edward and Elizabeth Huberman (New York: Washington Square Press, 1969, \$1.25), contains seventy-two poems, fourteen short stories, and seventeen essays that recreate, through the imagination of some seventy writers, the pity (Wilfred Owen), the futility (Yeats), the brutality (Cummings), the perversity (Samuel Johnson and Lord Byron) of war: Only Burns in "The Silver Tassie" and Whitman in "Beat! Beat! Drums!" talk lightly or enthusiastically about war. And as the editors point out in the introduction, "It is not a justification of the war or a celebration of victory that Whitman writes, but rather a poem of forgiveness and brotherhood and reconciliation . . . What we tried to buy by war could only be built by peace, and that has not yet, as we all know, been truly built."

II. Robert Bly, editor of *Forty Poems Touching on Recent American History* (Boston: Beacon Press Paperback #362, 1970, \$2.45), has made his own contribution to the movement, both as poet and as activist. As co-founder of American Writers Against the Vietnam War, he collected an excellent small volume of poems and prose pieces, published in 1966; he continues to give benefit readings for Resist and to ask writers and students to take a public stand on the war; in receiving the 1967 National Book Award, Bly took the check for \$1,000, handed it to a young man in the audience, and said "Go and encourage young men to resist the draft." Aside from his interesting selection

of poems, Bly's introductory remarks alone justify the publication of *Forty Poems*. In "Leaping Up Into Political Poetry," Bly talks not only about the value, the necessity of political poems, but also about their dangers. He is not interested in making a case for flabby, whining, propagandistic poetry. "What is needed to write poems about the outward world is inwardness." In the essay, Bly extends our understanding of the nature of poetry somewhat as Shelley did in the midst of another age of turmoil, of near revolution, a hundred and fifty years ago.

The paradox of the poem as public object and as private subject is beautifully dramatized by several of the poems in the anthology. Besides the expected poets, such as Walt Whitman and Robinson Jeffers, there are several poems by lesser-known writers, such as Gene Frumkin's "Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska" ("Nothing ever happens here/except loneliness") and James Wright's "Eisenhower's Visit to Franco, 1949."

The Spanish poems, printed in both languages, with translations by the editor, are particularly outstanding political poems. We have nothing in English quite comparable, in its strength to Pablo Neruda's "The United Fruit Co.": "Among the blood thirsty flies/the Fruit Company unloads its ships, filling up with coffee and with fruit, / . . . Meanwhile into the sugared chasms of the harbors, Indians were falling, wrapped/for burial in the mist of the dawn, a body rolls, a thing/that has no name, a fallen cipher, / a cluster of dead fruit/thrown on the dump." Neruda conveys in a brief lyric—swift, intense, sure—what Tom and Marjorie Melville have since repeated in their recent book on Central America: that America kills, with colonialism, with napalm, with capitalism.

III. Alan Bold's twenty-five page introduction to the *Penguin Book of Socialist Verse* (Penguin Books #0125, 1970, \$1.95) is an even more ambitious attempt to relate poetry and politics. To believe that poetry is unsuited to political utterance, Bold says, "is to believe that politics is as crude and insensitive as those who make a career of it." Readers seldom object to poets "expressing cranky hunches in their work. Yeats is allowed his gyres, Graves his White Moon Goddess. But not Mayahovsky his revolution. In an age that pays lip-service to the genius of Wittgenstein, it is paradoxical to accept as poetic what is most illogical."

Defining the end of socialism as the liberation of man, Bold includes in the volume (1) poems by socialists "aimed at extending the reader's consciousness of socialism"; and (2) poems by non-socialists that are likely "to reinforce the assumption of socialism because they examine events so radically." The range is very large, with approximately three hundred poems by

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## Catholic Worker Positions

(Continued from page 2)

natural ethics and the Old Dispensation in this matter of force and war and taught non-violence as a way of life. So that when we fight tyranny and injustice and the class war we must do so by spiritual weapons and by non-cooperation. Refusal to pay taxes, refusal to register for conscription, refusal to take part in civil-defense drills, non-violent strikes, withdrawal from the system are all methods that can be employed in this fight for justice.

We believe that success, as the world determines it, is not the criterion by which a movement should be judged. We must be prepared and ready to face seeming failure. The most important thing is that we adhere to these values which transcend time and for which we will be asked a personal accounting, not as to whether they succeed (though we should hope that they do) but as to whether we remained true to them even though the whole world go otherwise.



# +   +   +   LETTERS   +   +   +

## Universal Conscientious Objection

Providence  
Chemin de Briquet 9  
Geneva  
March 24, 1971

Dear Dorothy:

Father George Dunn, the Jesuit priest who works full time at the Geneva Ecumenical Center of the World Council of Churches, sends his warmest greetings to you. He was telling us at breakfast of the times he had invited you to speak at Phoenix, Arizona during his seven years stay in that town. He also reminisced about Ammon Hennacy with whom he was close during the Phoenix days. It was fascinating to see the reaction of Canon Joseph Moermans (director of the International Catholic Child Bureau) to the story of Ammon's long fasts, his refusal to pay income taxes for bombs and his picketing of the Internal Revenue Service while fasting. It is too bad that so few Catholics in Europe know that one American took on himself a burden of penance for the monstrous sacrifice of innocent lives at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The Sisters who run the Providence child care home have given me a quiet corner room. They care for sixty babies. It is a very joyful house surrounded by grassy places for the toddlers to play and by practical kitchen gardens. Father Dunn says mass every morning and Canon Moermans says mass either in the morning or evening. We have breakfast together and I find that the observations of these two gifted men stimulate me for the whole day.

The Providence center is above Geneva and about a fifteen minute walk from the United Nations building. I walk to what they refer to as the Palais des Nations and pass a cemetery whose graves are bright with potted geraniums and bunches of flowers. People are always visiting the graves and arranging the flowers. It reminds me of my childhood in Wales where people are especially faithful grave-visitors.

The Human Rights Commission is meeting in Geneva this year. It meets alternately in New York and Geneva. Last year, when it met in New York, I presented a statement asking that conscientious objection to military service be recognized as a human right. The springboard for the statement came from the petition initiated by War Resisters International asking simply that the Human Rights Commission recognize conscientious objection to military service as a human right. Over 40,000 people in 27 countries signed this petition. Igal Roodenko, Chairman of War Resisters League, carried the petitions to the Division of Human Rights in the United Nations on the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi, January 30, 1970. Just about everyone at the Catholic Worker signed the petition at the PAX Conference at the Tivoli CW Farm in August 1968, so I am sure your signature was among those delivered to the UN that day. They were quietly entombed in the UN archives, of course, along with countless other petitions and appeals against violations of human rights.

Mr. Howard Lawson of the Division of Human Rights, did give Igal some hope. He gave him a list of the Non-Governmental Organizations with Consultative Status with the UN. One of these could raise the subject before the Commission on Human Rights. Pax Romana an international, multiracial movement of Catholic students and graduates, is one of the NGO's with Consultative Status. As its representative in New York, I asked approval for a statement supporting the petition and explaining that our support of conscientious objection arose from our conviction of the primacy of conscience.

My statement quoted the support of the Catholic Bishops of the world for the primacy of conscience and conscientious objection as expressed in the Vatican II document, "The Church in the Modern World." I also quoted declarations by the World Council of

Churches and referred to other religious and ethical traditions of mankind. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights asserts "the right to" (Continued on page 6)

## Peoples Development Program

Apartado 5839  
San Jose, Costa Rica  
March, 1971

We are caught in a trap not of our own making. We have happened to be born into one of the developed societies of this earth and we carry with us this inevitable burden no matter where we happen to live. A Cuban poet, Fernandez Retamar, expresses our anguish:

"With these hands I caress you  
And I'm building a school  
I arrived before daybreak  
In what I thought were work clothes  
But the men and boys in their rags  
were waiting  
And they still call me sir."

At any hour of the day, on the street, in a park or a bar or a house of ill fame these children hang around. They know no father. Their mother has gone off with some other guy or has chased them out while she entertains the next one. And they wander aimlessly with empty bellies. Three, five, eight or ten years old, they whine for pennies or shine shoes or share a joint. But they have only one real problem to solve: their hunger. Digging in garbage cans, they hope to find a scrap or two. At night they try the bars, begging bites of the snacks served there. On the street corners girls ten, twelve and fourteen offer themselves as piece goods, reminding us of Darfo's line: "Lend me a crust of bread and I'll be yours." So they are by the hundreds, dirty, barefoot, in rags.

There is something that freezes the heart when we refer to poverty, whether real for our neighbors or potential for ourselves. This panic which seizes us as we glimpse a tight moment ahead has its counterpart in the hardness we assume when we see a hungry child or a tattered old man. It is a reaction of self-defense, for were we really to accept our neighbor as our brother and share what we have, we'd soon be overwhelmed by the needs around us.

So we must search for a middle way in which we can also survive, but in which we work that others may survive too. This is really an enlightened selfishness for otherwise an explosion is inevitable which will demolish our and our children's lives as well. Here is where we must begin. A view of the

problem, followed by a hypothetical solution and then steady hard work.

"It is the endless hour of violence: oh blinded race, oh race divided, what have you done to your brother, you powerful brother?"

From a recent interview with Helder Camara, archbishop of Recife, Brazil and candidate for the Nobel Prize for Peace:

"Is it permissible to use violence in order to achieve justice?"

"The first violence, the mother of all other violence is born of injustice and indeed is injustice itself. So it is that these youth who wish to rescue the oppressed react against this first violence with a second violence of their own. And this in its turn provokes the third violence of fascist repression. I accept none of these violences, but I can at least understand the second one. I detest that which remains passive, silent and I love only that which struggles, which dares."

"Then in Latin America is armed revolt impossible?" "Yes, both credible and impossible. Credible because it is provoked and impossible because it will be crushed. Everywhere there are special military forces trained by the Pentagon which are prepared to smash any attempt."

From a survey recently made among the peasants less than two hours away from Recife, Brazil:

"94% of the peasants interviewed did not know that the major export of Brazil is coffee.

80% of them had no notion of a meaning for the word democracy.

73% didn't know who was Fidel Castro.

65% of them had no idea of what was a dollar.

48% didn't know who was currently President of their country."

And now in peaceful Costa Rica we've had our first kidnapping, several bombings, an airplane hijacked or two. The foreign ministers are meeting here from all over America, and chose for their final date the anniversary of the students riot against ALCOA last year on April 24.

We struggle along on less and less. Perhaps we touch the theme of poverty so because we feel it in our bones and in the faces of our neighbors. Yet still more do we feel the hope held out by the infinite possibilities for creation and construction which are potential in our world. As the SST bubble bursts and another ten thousand are without work in Seattle, how fine were there jobs waiting for them to build for capital investment in the Third World!

for the  
PEOPLES' DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM

## Women Uniting To End The War

April, 1971

Dear Friend:

The majority of women in this country, 78% according to Gallup in January, oppose our involvement in the Indo-China War. The number is staggering, but what good does just a number do? How can we make ourselves visible? How can we show such mass opposition? Since we are such a diverse group, we need to create a sense of community of purpose: we need to unite in a common action to show our common concern about the war.

Many of us are still unwilling or unable to participate in public marches and demonstrations, while others of us have participated so often we are looking for new means of expression. For a start, we could act as a national community of women to make one day noticeably different from other days. ON JUNE 21, OUR LONGEST DAY, LET'S SAY THAT OUR LONGEST WAR MUST STOP!

We can say this with a united action; by not spending any money for goods or services on that day. Empty supermarkets, deserted shopping centers, ghostly Main Streets all over the nation can be a dramatic demonstration of our feelings. Even though we are well aware we won't hurt the economy with such a simple step, we can (and we should) clearly show our solidarity of opinion.

And each community can, if it wants, choose its own additional expression to underline the united national action. For instance, we could point out some better use for the money now going to the war: to educate the young, employ the unemployed, clean our air, water, and land—whatever seems best in each area.

What we do in June will be just a beginning, but we must start talking now, in the press, on the radio and TV. We need each other for opinions, organization, communication, and moral support. Let us hear from you. What are your thoughts? What can you do?

Please write:

Women Uniting to End the War  
c/o Torry Harburg  
516 Oswego  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104  
313-761-4462

## Worcester

4 Westland St.

Worcester, Massachusetts 01602

Dear Dorothy, Marty, and all:

The December '69 and January '71 issues of the Catholic Worker have been exceptionally good. Thanks always for the hard work that goes into the newspaper: writing, editing, mailing; I appreciate so much having the fifty copies each month to pass along to friends, to sell, to hand out in class.

Nineteen hundred and seventy has been a significant year locally for various groups built around the issues of peace and freedom. Several people, working very hard on community projects, have helped to make the spirit of the C. W. movement more evident in Worcester.

Dr. Jim Dacey, formerly a colleague of mine in the mathematics department at Assumption College, now devotes all his time to the Free Breakfast Program. Together with Dick Bovenzi and David Hazard, who started the program a year ago, Jim and his wife Lyn now help to provide free, hearty breakfasts for over two hundred and fifty children in three project areas in the city. Local students from Clark, Holy Cross, and Worcester State have contributed by lending a hand each morning and by raising money. Frank Kartheiser organized a tag day downtown, for example, and a group called Communitas sponsored a meal strike at Assumption (whereby the money spent on the campus for one evening meal was donated to the cause). Jim Dacey began devoting full time to the Free Breakfast (Continued on Page 8)

## C.U.A.N.D.O.

Across the street from the Catholic Worker there is C.U.A.N.D.O.

C.U.A.N.D.O. is a group formed by young Puerto Rican men and women who are working with and for the Puerto Rican people of First Street, especially the kids.

C.U.A.N.D.O. is running a "free, community controlled school"; an adult education program; an athletic program; Puerto Rican History classes; and a center where kids and young people meet to talk, play, relax. . . .

The "free school" is our dearest project. It has been running since April, 1970. All the "students" are kids from the neighborhood. The "teachers" do not receive any salary (and we do not expect or want to). We support ourselves with donations (no foundation or government money).

The kids are enjoying the school and they are making progress at all levels. Instead of treating them as labelled persons (truant, dropouts, hyperactive, potential addicts, spics) we treated them in a humane way. And they are responding to it.

In order to survive and to start new projects (maybe a food coop?) C.U.A.N.D.O. needs help. Every month we have difficulties paying the rent, the electricity and phone bills, etc. We have to work hard in order to get educational material for the "school." We need money and things like books, paper, pencils, charts, etc. We do not want to receive an eviction note every two months. It drains our energies.

If you are interested, please, send whatever you can give to C.U.A.N.D.O., 39 East 1st St., New York City, N.Y. 10003. (Our telephone is disconnected for lack of payments. When it works, the telephone is 254-9200.)

If you want to see the "school," you are welcome to come, but please, let us know in advance.

We want to thank our brothers and sisters in the Catholic Worker across the street for providing this space in their paper for us. And thanks to you in advance.

C.U.A.N.D.O.

P.S. Excuse us for using the oppressive language: schools, teachers, students, classes, etc. We need a new and liberated language with urgency.



# CHURCH AS ACCOMPLICE

(Continued from page 1)

still so easily persuaded, rare and certainly unplanned excesses. Finally, the initial My Lai revelations forced a moment of shocked awareness and even brought into being the 1970 Congressional Conference on War and National Responsibility. It was a brief and passing moment, however, and the prevailing mood soon became one of "understanding" rationalization and, let us be honest enough to admit it, something actually approaching justification of that atrocity.

Now the brutal facts have been spelled out for us again in shocking detail in the testimony given at the various court-martials convened to try the men involved. There is no longer basis for doubt that this event occurred, and men have formally admitted taking part in the killings. Still, one after the other of the men on trial have been acquitted or heard the charges against them dismissed. There is every reason to assume that this pattern, too, will be unbroken; if by any chance some defendant is found guilty, chances are that he will be spared any serious penalty for the crime.

There is no reason to be surprised, or even too disturbed, by this prospect. Surely only the incredibly naive could expect any court consisting of senior military officers (in many cases officers who had held command assignments in Vietnam) to declare that enlisted men, non-coms, or junior officers should have questioned orders passed down to them or, even more unthinkable, should have refused or disobeyed them. Thus the arrow of guilt that was first aimed at the men who actually pressed the triggers and then at Lt. Calley for giving the "on the scene" orders is now pointing at Capt. Medina and seems about to shift to his superior, the late Lt. Col. Barker—with every probability that it will stop there

and the charges be dropped altogether. After all, a man who has died a hero's death and cannot defend himself is not likely to be posthumously degraded to the status of a war criminal. By the same token, since the nature and extent of Barker's responsibility is an essential link in the chain, the discontinuity makes it impossible to move beyond his part in the affair to the higher-ranking officers and civilian officials who developed the policies which made My Lai possible and, indeed, inevitable.

None of us, I suppose, should be entirely satisfied with an outcome which finds incontrovertible evidence of the brutal slaughter of non-combatant old men, women, and children going unpunished. At the very least, justice should demand that the individuals involved be given a dishonorable discharge for their willing cooperation in an act that will remain a permanent blot on the nation's record. Having said this, we should also be prepared to acknowledge that it would be unjust to put the full burden of the blame upon the immediate perpetrators of the crime and to exact the more severe penalties of prison or death sentences. In a very real sense, and we must never forget it, the men who held the guns in their hands at My Lai must be counted among the victims too. I, for one, give credence to the statements of former neighbors and friends that Lt. Calley was a quiet, well-behaved high school boy. What happened in between is the responsibility of the nation which took that high school boy, trained him, and—to apply the harsh but unanswerable indictment voiced by the anguished mother of another of these men—sent him back a murderer. It might be soothing to the national ego to "throw the book" at Calley and the others; but to do so would let the real culprits, the complacent and compliant Americans who sent them there to "do the job" and paid the bills, off the hook.

This, of course, is where the Church comes in. Sunday after Sunday they are there, the murderers of My Lai, and never once are they likely to hear a troubling word from the man in the pulpit. Massive organizational superstructures testify to the presence of Christianity on the American scene; yet, even though more than a year has passed since the Ridenhour disclosures burst upon the national consciousness, no official spokesman of any of our major denominations has seen fit to take public notice of the atrocity in the name of his church, no resolution has been passed by episcopal conferences to give voice to the outraged conscience of mankind. Individuals, yes, but the usual, the "unofficial" individuals, the "troublemakers" who have made it their practice (at the cost of no little embarrassment to their respective communions) to "arrogate" to themselves the task of giving witness to the Christian mission of peace. Needless to add, their efforts have had no support or encouragement from the duly designated leaders of the Christian establishment.

Nor is this merely a matter of innocent oversight. In one case, at least, it must be seen as a distinct refusal to make even a minimal gesture of awareness and concern. For on November 1, 1969, I made what I still regard as an extremely modest proposal to Cardinal John Dearden of Detroit: that, acting in his capacity as President of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, he issue a call for a national Day of Reparation on which Masses would be offered for the victims of My Lai and similar excesses committed by our armed forces in our name. This would also be the occasion for sermons warning the faithful against the spiritual danger of permitting their nationalistic pride and loyalties to blind them to the enduring demands of Christian moral values. A year later I repeated the suggestion, this time noting the fact that the testimony being put on

public record in the My Lai courts-martial verified that the horrible crime did in fact take place. On both occasions I noted that the Feast of the Holy Innocents would seem to be a most appropriate day for such a public and official ceremonial observance. The result? Neither letter received the courtesy of a response from the Cardinal; nor is there anything to suggest that the suggestion was brought before his fellow members of the hierarchy for their consideration. (The Feast of the Holy Innocents, however, was appropriated for the latest episcopal crusade against abortion!)

## ROLE AS ACCOMPLICE

This illustrates the extent to which the official spokesmen of the Church (and, let me insist again, this applies to all the major Christian churches) have abandoned their responsibility to speak the prophetic word when dealing with issues of war and peace. This is nothing new of course. In past researches and writings I have documented the scandalous failures of the Catholic Church in Nazi Germany to give witness against the immorality of the Hitler regime and the injustice of its wars. The same scandal, the same failure is now ours. If we have now been forced to confess the parallel between My Lai and Lidice, we must also confess that it has its match in the refusal of our American bishops to protest the former, just as their German counterparts turned their eyes away from the latter. Actually, if we are honest, the American hierarchy suffers by comparison on two counts. First, at Lidice only males were "executed," whereas at My Lai the killing was indiscriminate so that even infants in their mothers' arms were not spared. Second, the German bishops knew that they and their flocks would face certain Gestapo retaliation had they chosen to protest; our American

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## Universal Conscientious Objection

(Continued from page 5)

life" and we asked for an assertion of the corollary right "the right not to take life." We also asked that every human being be given the right to choose the means whereby he served his own community and the international community. Pax Romana approved the statement and it was submitted in connection with an agenda item concerning the "education of youth in respect for human rights and freedoms." This was at the 26th Session in the spring of 1970.

I stressed that young people could not be expected to grow in respect for human rights if their own human rights were not respected. Very often, the statements of Non-Governmental Organizations fall into a vacuum, but two delegates, those of Austria and Finland, commented on the Pax Romana statement and agreed that it was a subject for discussion by the Human Rights Commission.

When I found I could take my vacation in March, I thought it would be a good thing to follow up the matter at the 27th Session of the Human Rights Commission in Geneva. Igal Roodenko urged me to come and helped give me confidence in the whole project. We had a few meetings in New York with Betty Richardson Nute and Barry Hollister of the Quakers and with Homer Jack, Secretary of the newly organized World Conference of Religion for Peace. Homer gave us a copy of a strong statement on conscientious objection passed at the Kyoto Conference and representing the support of ten major living religions for those who choose to be conscientious objectors to military service.

Pax Romana agreed to re-submit a statement since the agenda item concerning youth has been postponed until this session of the Commission. Duncan Wood of the Friends World Committee for Consultation in Geneva contacted our Pax Romana representative in Geneva, Maitre Odile Roulet,

and suggested that his own and other NGO's might co-sponsor the statement and re-worded a part of it. In the end, eight organizations presented it together. These included, beside the Friends, the Commission of the Churches for International Affairs (of the World Council of Churches) the International Student Movement for the United Nations and the World Student Christian Federation.

I think you would like that statement as finally adopted. I am enclosing a copy with this letter. It was distributed among all the delegates and read by them along with the documentation on the item concerning youth. To our great delight, five countries decided to sponsor a resolution on conscientious objection. They were Austria, Chile, Netherlands, New Zealand, and Uruguay. Three representatives of NGO's were invited to speak to the Commission, Duncan Wood of the Friends, Jean-Claude Luthi, a young Swiss conscientious objector for Amnesty International, and myself for Pax Romana. Duncan Wood, whose whole life has been a testimony to peace, mentioned that his father had suffered imprisonment in World War I for being a conscientious objector and that he in turn had refused to kill in World War II. Jean-Claude did not refer to his own situation in Switzerland (where conscientious objection is outlawed) since NGO's are not allowed to single out specific countries in their interventions. He referred to the plight of CO's around the world, many of whom serve successive sentences year after year as they repeat their refusal to don a uniform or carry weapons. I pointed out in my oral intervention that everyone in the room was a conscientious objector to something. We refused cooperation with apartheid, slavery or racial discrimination in its many forms. These were all on the agenda of the Human Rights Commission, so that actually the burden of the Com-

mission was to mobilize a stronger movement of conscientious objection for the eradication of these violations of human rights.

We talked with various delegates about our views, explaining we were not asking governments to pledge themselves to a position of conscientious objection but rather to extend freedom of choice to those who choose conscientious objection to military service. Duncan Wood and his wife Katherine prepared background material on conscientious objection, including the declarations of The Council of Europe and of the International Peace Bureau. This was given to every delegate to the Commission. Then we felt we had done our work and the debate began on the subject of youth. Almost every delegate addressed himself or herself to the subject of conscientious objection. Elfan Rees of the World Council of Churches said it was a landmark, an epoch-making event to have this subject discussed openly at the United Nations. Until Austria and Finland brought it up at the 26th Session of the Com-

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## 36 East First

(Continued from page 4)

of the community. Our house is a school of life and of nonviolence as well as a house of hospitality. The young come most often from sheltered, middle class backgrounds. Here at the C.W. nothing is veiled, nothing is hidden. It can't be. Most of those who are here are fighting for survival. Life is lived at its fringes. Emotion is not hidden but left in its bare nakedness. Defenses are torn asunder. One might even say life is lived in sheer madness. But, such an involvement, the way it lays bare the realities of life, can drive one to despair or to belief. For those of the young who have stayed around long enough to be confronted by these realities, Spring generally is the time of movement and decision. The endurance of the long hard winter with its many lessons can teach a person much about him or herself. Hopefully, at the depth of decision is a movement to believe in life, to accept oneself, and to believe that one can love. The young move on served or sadly, sometimes devastated by the reality life here has taught them.

Most often these deeper activities within the people here go unnoticed amid the activity, the clamor, and the hostilities of daily life. It is in this jungle of activities, clamor, and hostilities that the teaching of life occurs. It is in the painful struggle of daily living that we are brought in touch with the cycle of death and rebirth. Somehow, here amid the fray and the pain, we need to take the time that will allow the belief in life and love to be born. Let not our cry of belief in love be silenced; for if it is the very stones will cry out!

P.S. New life has come to First Street in the form of a Ginkgo tree. It is one of the many gifts Carmen Mathews has generously given us. Just a few days ago men from the city came and planted it in front of our house. It is now surrounded by a beautiful white picket fence which Earl made and Jerry painted. It brings a refreshing touch of beauty to First Street.



DANDELION



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

at the above High School and at a Teachers Training school, going on to Boston to speak to a small gathering of the Harvard Catholic Club, the next night.

The Catholic Peace Fellowship meeting in Worcester shows how much can be done in one day, and how many can come from how far to listen to three speakers in the morning and attend a few workshops in the afternoon. I was particularly impressed with Sister Elizabeth Hillman, a Cenacle nun, devoted to the work of the CPF and the other sisters and priests, some of whom had served prison terms for conscience' sake.

I stayed at Michael True's whose third floor is available to visitors. Ammon and Jean often stayed there. Mary, the oldest of the six children had arranged the room for me even to taking down her own pretty curtains for my room. She is twelve, and then there is Michael 11, John 9, Chris 6 and the twins who are five. Mary Pat, the mother, is young and beautiful and is continuing her studies too. How happy it is to meet happy families! Sunday night I stayed at John and Helen Cort's new house on Nahant where John's father-in-law is living with them since his wife's death. Helen is his only daughter and it seemed to me he was a pretty tranquil man considering the size of John's family which he had moved into. Their house is by the sea and John has always been interested in sailing. And now he has lobster pots to put out in his spare time. He is working at urban renewal work in nearby Lynn.

## Vermont

I have to give news of my own family every so often. The bus ride from Boston to Vermont was along winding roads through New Hampshire on a beautiful sunny day. Sunny days have been rare these last few months. Tamar met me at Springfield, Vermont and all the children were home in the Perkinsville house except Mary who is graduating this June from Cobleskill Community College. It was a full house, Becky and John and four months old Lara; Sue and Jorge and 2 year old Tanya (visiting); Nicky and Brenda with Shella, 2, and Jude, 2 mos. also visiting from nearby; Eric visiting from Springfield where he shares an apartment with a friend; Jimmy on crutches after his painful operation for tumor on a leg bone; Maggie who had cooked the chicken which was ready for us all; Martha who cleared up, Hilaire whose maple syrup I forgot later to take back with me, and Katy who read fifteen books in one month (a rainy one doubtless) recently. Their rambling house on Cady hill, as their dirt and rocky road is now called, is surrounded of course by two old trucks, two disabled passenger cars and the VW which keeps going. There was a beginning made to clear up all the gardens and a large patch of bleeding hearts were showing, poking up through the leaves mulching their roots. There were still patches of snow all through the woods, and in the shadow of the barn and around the mailbox there were mounds of snow. It was spring vacation for the children and Hilaire who is 13 was getting out his fishing tackle. The fishing season was starting on Saturday, and on that morning they were all up very early.

The state of Vermont, catering to the sportsmen last fall killed off what they called the trash fish, suckers, catfish and perch, putting some kind of plastic in the water which sealed their gills so they suffocated. Hilaire told me. This included the trout which had not been caught thru the season last year. Now in the spring, they have restocked again. The season lasts from the last Saturday in April until Labor Day. The Hennessy crowd occasionally go in swimming until November so the plastic spoiled that for them. Once two of the girls went in so early in the spring that they came out all bloody, cut by the ice! Maybe Martha who told me that was exaggerating. She is now leading a hermit's life up on the hillside in the log cabin which John built. She is vegetarian and is reading I Ching which Sandra, one of

our young guests brought with her. "Old Chinese horoscope kind of thing," Jorge says. "You throw sticks, figure out the numbers, consult the book—it's a way of getting advice without consulting people."

I glanced at the book which is one of the Bollingen series, Princeton University Press, and read the foreword by C. G. Jung who calls it "this great and singular book... There is so much that is obscure about it that Western scholars have tended to dispose of it as a collection of magic spells, either too abstract to be intelligible or of no value whatever." He goes on to talk of "oracle techniques, or a method of exploring the unconscious... this monument of Chinese thought, which departs completely from our way of thinking." It seems the children are all engaged in the Search these days, learning about Hindu Ashrams, Buddhist monasteries, and now Chinese spiritism—learning from Hutterites, reaches out in all directions. The Catholic Worker crowd was always satisfied with the ecumenism which meant learning from Hutterites, Dhoubobors, Indians, Mennonites, Amish, Brethren, as well as Quakers. Perhaps it is the wars our young people have lived through, Korean, Algerian, and now the Vietnam war that gives them this interest in the religious thinking of the far east.

In Tamar's very busy life she still has time for handicrafts. Father Heffey who heads the farming commune in Australia, sent her a bag of wool from black sheep and she has been having a wonderful time, she said, spinning it.

She had a wooden spindle, and one of the dogs ate it, she said, and now she has to make another. We went out for a walk with the dogs, Tamar and I, on several afternoons and it was fun to see them eating the grass and other green things which were springing up along the roads. "Spring tonic," Tamar said. There are two calves and I don't know how many rabbits and sixteen hens around the place, but the dogs are all over—Rex, my particular old pet, a cocker spaniel-Beagle; Ingot, a female colly and Rex's companion; Champ, their son, a big mutt of a dog, but very obedient and recognizes that he is not a house dog. Sam is a small black dog—they say a combination of cocker spaniel, beagle and airedale; Nipper a Labrador retriever springer spaniel; and lastly Friend, a German shepherd Doberman pinscher. All of them a friendly lot and only occasionally fight among themselves.

## Open School

An open school program has started at the Springfield high school where two of the girls go (though Maggie graduates this June). This "off-premise" school began as a pilot phase of a five-district learning experience, offering independent choice and freedom of action to intellectually certain and mature students and constructive path-finding to uncertain ones and encouragement and guidance to the distracted! Students chose a list of learning activities from a check list and planned a step by step outline for each activity. They also keep a written journal in which they record daily progress in each activity. Thirty five students are enrolled with one paid teacher and other volunteer teachers. There are field trips. Some courses where expensive equipment is needed are taken at the local high school where there is a language lab and gym, etc. There has been disapproval expressed by some readers of the local paper claiming that children today are being spoiled enough. How afraid people are of the word freedom. Michael True says that most schools now are like prisons.

Both Mahatma Gandhi ashrams and some of the Friends' schools require this keeping of a daily account of reading and study and progress, and I shall try during this next month for the June issue to keep such an account especially since my piligrimage continues in June with trips to South Dakota, Chicago, and Black Island. But how often I have made this resolution! I should regard it as a daily examination of conscience.

# BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 4)

a hundred and thirty poets, from twenty languages. Heinrich Heine, Ho Chi-Minh, Cesar Vallejo, Hugh MacDiarmid, Mao Tse-Tung, Paul Eluard, Bertold Brecht, Pablo Neruda, Langston Hughes, and Yevgeny Yevtushenko are all represented by at least five poems; many writers are represented by only one. The surprising and wonderful thing about this anthology is, of course, the chance to discover individual writers and poems that one has never heard of before, such as "I'd rather go naked," by Peter Kuczka, a Hungarian, or "Draft for a contemporary love poem," by Tadeusz Rozewicz, a Pole; or the short lyric, "Young Poets," by Nicanor Porra, a Chilean, which begins, "Write as you will/In whatever style you like/Too much blood has run under the bridge/To go on believing/That only one road is right."

The voice in many of these poems is the voice of liberation, affirmative and visionary or provocative and dissenting, and it suggests by example, that poetry can show not only how man lives now, but also where his future must lie.

Writing a poem is an act, rather than a thought, and as such it quickly flows over into the public order. As long as injustice (war, poverty, repression) plagues the lives of men and as long as poetry deals with the deepest feelings of men, we will have radical, political poems to challenge us and, by way of example and song, to encourage us.

In his excellent book *Protest: Pacifism and Politics* (1968), James Finn quotes the poet Denise Levertov and her husband Mitchell Goodman on the relation between poetry and politics, and their remarks, like Robert Bly's and Alan Bold's, help to clarify the relationship between the two arts, particularly in relation to poets of the past ten years: "I don't think that at this time most poets feel as Yeats felt," Miss Levertov said, referring to W. B. Yeats' line that poets have no gift to set the statesman right. It isn't just that we think we can set the statesman right as that, because we are verbal people, we have the obligation to be the spokesmen for humanity, and that it can't be left to the statesmen, whether they're honest statesmen or dishonest statesmen."

Developing a similar argument, Mitchell Goodman agreed: "The effort certainly of the writers in acting against the war today is no longer an effort to set the statesmen right. Our hope is to get ourselves right, as Ibsen put it, to get clear, and in the process to help to set our fellow citizens clear and right." In the process, these writers help us to understand the richness of the radical tradition in American poetry and to sustain our daily effort to live the revolution now, as Ammon Hennacy said we should.

By MICHAEL TRUE

**A CELL OF GOOD LIVING.** The Life, Works and Opinions of Eric Gill, by Donald Attwater, Geoffrey Chapman: 18 High Street, Wimbledon, London, 1969.

Eric Gill, born in 1882, son of a non-conformist parson, was a monumental mason and lettercutter, sculptor, essayist and lecturer. He was a good husband and father. He was an artisan, a craftsman, an honest workman. Even as St. Joseph he was a just man.

He was his own best biographer; consult his posthumous *Autobiography* published by Jonathan Cape (1940) and his *Collected Letters*, edited by Walter Shewring (Cape 1947). Also a definitive biography was published by Methuen in 1966: *The Life of Eric Gill*, by Robert Speaight.

And so a further memoir unavailable in this country except by ordering through a book seller—why we include the address in the lead—would seem superfluous. But superfluous it is not. For not only is Mr. Attwater a charming, intelligent, urbane writer, but also he knew Gill intimately for nearly twenty years and was his close companion for the period spent on the Welsh border. And as his title indicates his theme is the key to the understanding of Eric Gill.

The theme is taken from the last page of his *Autobiography*: "If I might attempt to state in one paragraph the work which I have chiefly tried to do in my life it is this: to make a cell of good living in the chaos of our world. Lettering, type—designing, engraving, stone-carving, drawing, these are all very well, they are means to the service of God and of our fellows and therefore to the earning of living, and I have earned my living by them. But what I hope above all things is that I have done something towards re-integrating bed and board, the small farm and the workshop, the home and the school, earth and heaven."

And for anyone interested in Peter Maurin this book is not superfluous. They complemented each other, as Peter pointed out. Both saw a social disintegration and de-Christianization of society which they felt called upon to address from their experience. Peter applied his experience as a peasant as relevant to the modern world; Eric applied his experience as a craftsman as relevant to the modern world. Gill advocated the life of the responsible workman: the worker who is responsible for the quality of the work done and not a mere factory hand who minds the machine as he is told and is only a responsible person on his time off. He held, "The artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist." This paralleled Dr. Coomaraswamy's line which Gill quoted: "The saint is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of saint." By these themes, including "Look after truth and goodness, and

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

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AT CATHOLIC WORKER FARM, TIVOLI, N.Y.,  
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## Book Reviews

(Continued from page 7)

beauty will look after herself," Gill sought to restore the dignity proper to work and to oppose what Fr. Martin d'Arcy described: "Capitalist commercialism which reduces the workman to a subhuman condition of intellectual irresponsibility."

This was the man above all others Peter loved to paraphrase. Peter habitually recommended his books to all. And frequently, as if recommendation were not enough, he would present people with condensations and paraphrases of other writers' work which he had copied out in his own stylized manner. Many of these over the years have been printed in the paper. In a collection of these which runs to some two-hundred pages (including fifty-one works of thirty-five different authors), thirteen were from the work of Eric Gill, running to over seventy-seven pages.

The evidence in Peter's eight notebooks of Eric Gill's work is testimony to how highly Peter thought of Gill. And indeed in 1940 when Gill died of cancer, it was not only England's loss,

ing and through his sensitive memory, brings to life a time and a place. It is the English Catholic world of the period between the wars. It was an interesting time and place of interesting persons who were concerned to address themselves to what they saw as being of some moment. And if from the vantage of today much of what they saw of moment one might patronizingly dismiss as parochial and of not much consequence, those passionately committed to the relevant today might with profit contemplate what they saw. We, as they, feel rightly called upon to address ourselves to our times. Mr. Attwater has given us a perspective which may yet be useful if we as they are overwhelmed by events beyond our ken. He has shown us the grace of looking back without bitterness.

By Ed Turner

## Universal Conscientious Objection

(Continued from Page 6)

mission, it had never reached public debate at the UN.

The arguments were keen and on a high level and showed not merely a difference of opinion but a collision of world views. The most basic question was, perhaps, which rights are inviolable, those of the nation-state or those of the individual. The resolution was modified so that it called for a study of conscientious objection and the practices of various countries with regard to CO's and alternative service. This study would form the basis for a discussion of the subject in the Commission on Human Rights. The outstanding feature of the debate, which could have been acrimonious, was the calm approach of the delegates, above all that of Mr. van Boven of the Netherlands, front runner in the discussion. When the question was finally put to the vote, eighteen countries voted in favor, seven abstained, and only three voted against it. Some of the delegates told us that it was one of the most incisive and stimulating debates held in the Commission.

Several people have told me that this is a strange way to spend a vacation. I suppose it is. But I know that you were in favor and that helped to energize me to complete my work at the office so that I could come. The CW has helped us all to see the Catholic community as obliged to be a reconciling community for mankind and to work with all other communities toward reconciliation. The work here with War Resisters International, with other Non-Governmental Organizations and with delegates from various countries is a turn, perhaps an almost imperceptible turn, away from the myth that good can be served by taking the life of another human creature and toward reconciliation.

Love and peace,  
Eileen Egan

WATERCRESS

Catholicism's loss, it was to Peter the loss of a true brother.

Peter felt especially close to Eric Gill not only because they agreed on what is wrong with things as they are but also because towns of craftsmen and artisans are the perfect complement to Peter's farming communes in the society of communitarian personalism, to use Emmanuel Mounier's phrase, if things were as they should be. For they were at one in their understanding of the nature of industrialism, the road to Peace, and the need for voluntary poverty in a philosophy of work which respected the dignity of manual labor; or as Ammon Hennacy would say: following the counsels of the Sermon on the Mount leads to Life at Hard Labor.

But there is another aspect of this book which makes it not only not superfluous but also compelling. For Mr. Attwater, in the gracefulness of his writ-

## Church As Accomplice

(Continued from Page 6)

bishops cannot claim even that much "justification" for their silence.

### IMPLICATIONS

Where, one must ask, were the chaplains assigned to Charley Company, and why have they not been heard from in the almost three years that have passed since the dreadful slaughter took place? I put the question though I think I know the answer. Based on research interviews conducted with R.A.F. chaplains in England some time ago, the following would probably hold true: The chaplains of Task Force Barker and Charley Company either accepted what happened as a tragic "military necessity" or, even more likely, avoided involving themselves in what they would regard as an intrusion into the commander's sphere of authority by even raising the question. A chaplain exceptionally sensitive about such things as murder might have gone further and voiced a personal protest, but it would have been a cautious protest and kept "within channels." Only the rarest of chaplains would even consider bringing the matter to public attention—a conclusion fully supported by the fact that it remained for a discharged serviceman to expose what was a topic of general conversation among the men in Vietnam!

An even more appropriate question: How has Cardinal Cooke, Roman Catholic Bishop to the Armed Forces, defined his role in all of this? The answer here, too, is obvious enough. Like his fellow bishops, and despite the additional and specific responsibilities imposed by that office, he has been silent. Twice now since the facts first came to light he has made his ritual, morale-boosting Christmas excursions to Vietnam. It would have been a simple enough matter to visit the scene of the atrocity and offer his own Mass for the victims as an act of penance and reparation for the evil committed there by men in his spiritual charge. Instead, silence.

To charge the churches with complicity in this atrocity carries implications that extend far beyond the criminal acts that took place at this particular time and place. We must recognize that a failure of this dimension brings into question the credibility of their religious teachings as well as their professed commitment to the moral and spiritual values they proclaim. Many Christians today are concerned, and with good reason, about what appears to be an accelerating "leakage" of young people, especially those young people who have demonstrated their acute moral sensitivity and concern for social problems. Those who have "fallen away" from the institutional churches have made it clear enough. They are leaving because what passes for the Christian church in their experience has given ample evidence that it has little or nothing to say to them about such things as war, racism, and the extremes of affluence and poverty, both at home and in the world at large.

The loss of credibility for the churches in the eyes of the young may not be the most immediate threat we must consider. Those who occupy the seats of temporal power are also well aware of the gap between stated principle and effective follow-through, and this could lead to even more destructive consequences. For many years now, moralists and magistrates have carried on a probing dialogue in which they have sought to establish guidelines and relationships between national security imperatives and ethics. The spokesmen for religion, sometimes official and other times not, have always assumed, as did their partners in the dialogue, that the churches were represented there because they were, in a sense, the keepers of the nation's conscience. This assumption, so logical in statement, is almost entirely without substance in fact. The failure of the churches to give voice to that conscience in the face of unassailable evidence of actual war crimes and morally questionable military policy

has made it clear that the magistrates and their strategic experts have nothing to fear from that quarter; they are free to revise sharply downward whatever they may have given to organized religion as a possible source of opposition and restraint.

Even Vatican II's condemnation of area-bombing has not been translated into official denunciation of napalm blankets covering 50-square-miles of territory or designation of "free-fire" zones open to indiscriminate aerial strafings and similar forms of wanton destruction. Nor has the established policy of spraying agricultural areas with chemical defoliants reminded ecclesiastical spokesmen of those old moral theology teachings which included "starvation blockades" among the immoral acts of war. And now we have My Lai, tying it all together in one bloody bundle, with its frighteningly simple lesson and its even more frightening implications for the future: A church which can be a silent accomplice to these crimes committed today is almost certain to find itself accomplice to crimes infinitely worse tomorrow.

Among Dr. Zahn's works are GERMAN CATHOLICS AND HITLER'S WARS, WAR, CONSCIENCE AND DISSENT, and THE R.A.F. CHAPLAINCY: A STUDY OF ROLE TENSION.

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 7)

Program in June, just after his release from the Worcester County Jail and House of Correction, where he spent 30 days for an act of civil disobedience at the local draft boards. A long-time admirer of Ammon Hennacy, Jim said that he found *The Book of Ammon* particularly helpful toward survival in the clink.

Three old friends to the area have recently returned to work in draft and military counseling. Ned Murphy, S.J., once a teacher at Brooklyn Prep, has joined Paul and Clare Grace at the Common Sense Bookshop, 116 W. Main St., Ayer, Massachusetts (very near Fort Devens). In the evenings, soldiers come to shop, hear poetry readings, and learn about their rights under military law; several are now considering C.O. discharges, with help from the Legal In-service Project in Cambridge. Phil Gougen, who spent 10 months in the Fort Dix stockade in 1969 before getting a release, is also doing some military counseling. He and his new bride, Ellen, helped establish Draft Information Center at Fitchburg.

Through the work of Sister Elizabeth Hillmann, S.C., and other activists in the Catholic Peace Fellowship, the peace groups in Worcester have hired a full-time worker, Jim McMahon, to help with draft counseling and draft repeal. Between now and June, when the present Selective Service regulations are due to expire, Mrs. Katherine Knight, former head of the Massachusetts Catholic Peace Committee in Newton, will also work full-time on draft repeal throughout New England. Anyone interested in leaflets, activities, speakers about this issue can write to: Mass. Council to Repeal the Draft, 901 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass. 01602 or NCRD, 101 D St., S. E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Many wishes to all for peace.

Michael True

### All Is Grace

Everything is a grace . . . everything is the direct effect of our Father's love—difficulties, contradictions, humiliations, all the soul's miseries, her burdens, her needs—everything, because through them, she learns humility, realizes her weakness. Everything is a grace because everything is God's gift. Whatever be the character of life or its unexpected events—to the heart that loves, all is well.

—St. Therese

### NON-VIOLENT RESISTANCE TO REPRESSION IN LATIN-AMERICA

AND OTHER ASPECTS OF

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(10 A.M. - 5 P.M.)

JEAN and HILDEGARD GOSS-MAYR

(World Leaders in Theory and Practice of Gospel Non-Violence. Recent collaboration with Bishop Helder Camara of Brazil, also intensive experience in Guatemala, Colombia and Mexico.)

Place: CLUBROOM NATIVITY CHURCH  
44 Second Ave. at 3rd St., N.Y.C.

OFFERING: \$15, includes lunch both days.

Reservations necessary through  
PAX, BOX 139, Murray Hill P.O., N.Y. 10016